

The

Leadstacker



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Special
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For The
AAPA

AAPA'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY



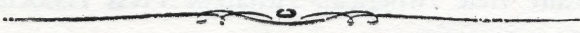
ON THIS fiftieth anniversary of the American Amateur Press Association there are many things on which one can reflect. Those charter members struggling to get the Association on its feet and working. Those determined few digging in during the war years just to keep the group together. The wonderful writers of days past who are almost mythical legends. The bad times and the good. The many friends and a few enemies both present and departed.

But there is a group of members who are seldom praised, who get little attention or thanks. The Presidents and Official Editors are obviously the movers and shakers of the AAPA, but it's the pushers and grinders who really keep the organization afloat. The people who are there year after year when something needs to be done. I'm talking about the Vice Presidents, the Secretary-Treasurers, Mailers, Directors, and some who aren't even officers who give freely of their time to insure that American Amateur Press Association continues to exist.

Vice presidents who step in and take over to get a job done. Secretary-treasurers who spend long nights over a hot typewriter or calculator and buy aspirin by the case. Mailers who spend endless hours walking around dining tables developing sore feet and stiff backs just so we can read each other's ramblings. Printers who keep the Association in envelopes, stationery, and

official organs. Manuscript bureau managers and historians who do their thankless jobs with regularity. And then there are those without titles who always seem to be around whenever someone falls down on the job, the ones who pick up the ball and at least carry it, if not run with it. Recognize anyone? These people are the ones who really care about this organization, the ones who are willing to do whatever is asked of them to keep the AAPA functioning.

Should I name names? In the first place, I've only known a few of these people in my couple of years membership and in the second place, even if I did know who these heroes were who kept the faith these fifty years, I doubt that there would be room for all the names in my little journal. Furthermore, I have a feeling that these same people don't expect, or probably even want, to see their names in print. So I won't embarrass them, I'm sure they know themselves. I would like them to know there's at least one person out here who appreciates their efforts in keeping the American Amateur Press Association going so that I could discover it in 1984 and enjoy it ever since. Thanks friends!



HOW IT STRUCK JIM

(Apparently a review of a concert attended by a railroad man. Found in what was left of an old book. No author listed.)

"I was loafing around the street last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and, as I had nothing to do, I dropped into a concert, and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool, I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys way up on one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow, I thought it was old "39" pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a special. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back into the tender, and—Jerusalem jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was 'pounding'

on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash-pan.

"But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing; telegraph poles along the side of the track looked like a row of corn stalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumble-bee. I tried to yell out but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the head-light of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the keys away down on the lower end of the Southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead stand still, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

AN EVENING IDYL

*The evening star its vesper lamp
Above the west had lit,
The dusky curtains of the night
Were following after it.*

*He seized her waist and clasped her hand
And told his tale of love;
He called her every tender name,
“My darling,” “duck,” and “dove.”*

*A tremor shook her fairy form,
Her eyes began to blink;
Her pulse rose to a hundred, and
She cried: “I think—I think—”*

*He sighed: “You think you love me?” for
His soul was on the rack;
“Oh, no!” she yelled; “I think a bug
Is crawling down my back!”*



Anonymous

ATF CONFERENCE



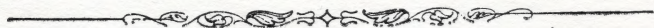
HAD THE good fortune to be able to attend the American Typecasting Fellowship conference in Indianapolis in July. Typecasting is something I know very little about, so I thought I might be able to learn something by attending. Now I don't have any desire to become a typesetter, but I wanted to have some understanding of the process so that I might be able to communicate with people I buy type from. Not only did I learn a great deal but I was able to meet and talk with some of the premier typesetters in North America. In my short but intense discussions with some of these people, I found that *some* typesetters are not exactly enamored of amateur printers. Ironical, since amateurs are probably their biggest customers. Now that I've heard their side of the story, I'd like to hear your side. If you have had problems with a typesetter in the last couple of years, I'd like to hear about it. Drop me a note and be specific. Along with your complaints, I would like to know approximately how much per year you spend on *new* type.



PAPER CHASE



IT HAS BEEN my desire for some time, to do something for amateur printers. My cut rental service went over like a working font of 120 point Cheltenham Bold. I've heard several complaints about Kelsey's lack of service to letterpress printers lately so I thought maybe I could do something along those lines. Paper seems to be one area where Kelsey is forsaking the little guy. Paper cutters are usually too expensive (not to mention large) for a hobby printer. Add to this the fact that many hobby printers don't have a paper house near them and even if they do, the paper house won't (or doesn't like to) sell to hobby printers. Here's my idea. I still have a *little* space left in my shop, I have a good paper cutter, and I have good contacts with a couple of paper houses near me. So why can't I sell you paper? In small lots, custom cut, at no profit to me. Sound good? The problems: I can't stock a wide range of items, maybe 20 pound bond in white and a few colors, index the same way, white wove envelopes in a couple of sizes, maybe newsprint, and even Mohawk letterpress. Time: I won't be able to ship your order in 24 hours like some places, it might even take me a week! Now if you're still interested, write to me and let me know how you feel. If I don't hear from more than two people, it's not worth my time. Got another item that you think might sell well, let me know about it.



COLOPHON

This seventeenth issue of *The Leadstacker* was hand-set in Italian Oldstyle except for the poem, which was set in Macfarland Italic. As for the cover, type collages are common but my latest inspiration was a beautiful broadside done by Jim Yarnell of Wichita, for the ATF conference. If you think I'm going to name all seventeen typefaces on the cover, your composing stick is bent.

This issue was printed on my old workhorse, a 1890 Chandler & Price 10 x 15. The cover stock is 160 pound index and the text is something new I'm experimenting with, 24 pound mimeo.

Your comments or criticisms about my work and/or hair-brained ideas are always welcome.

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